

# The Laurens Advertiser.

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## ARP AND THE EDITORS

### BILL REPLIES TO COMMENTS ON HIS REMARKS.

party in Elger than Principle. Else some Georgia Editors would Whoon Em-Up for Harrison. A Perplexing Phase of Politics. Our Fortunate Escape.

Atlanta Constitution.

It seems to trouble some very sensitive gentleman that Bill Arp said the democracy of the north had within its ranks three-fourths of the lower grades of northern society. If this is not true, say so; if it is true, why make a fuss because Bill Arp said so? That the Republicans of the north represent her wealth and culture and progress, everybody knows who has traveled north and mingled with her people. It is no secret—no new discovery. And hence it is perfectly natural that her lower classes should be democrats. The poor and the ignorant have but little inclination to affiliate with the rich and proud. If there is a party that is not rich they will go to it. In the old times the poorer classes of this state were democrats for the same reason. It was rare to find a wool hat or a one-gallon man among the whites. The white party of Georgia represented mainly her wealth and culture. The white boys in our schools and colleges outnumbered the sons of democratic fathers three to one. Now, I'm afraid that this will offend some southern democrats, but it is nevertheless a fact and can be proven by Dr. Miller, and Dr. Fulton, and Judge Underwood, and a host of others who associated with or followed the lead of Crawford, Troup and Toombs, and Stephens, and Jenkins and Ben Hill. The records of Franklin college prove it. Joe Brown's remarkable career as a politician and a statesman proves it, for he sprang from among the masses—the common people—and they followed him because he did. The first war he ever waged was against aristocracy, their wealth, their banks and their railroads.

But let that pass. The time was when I shouted for the democracy and thought the country was ruined if a whig was elected. Young editors are affected that way now at every election, whether state or national. With them party is a bigger thing than principle. In fact, it is a bigger thing with all partisans, so much so that before they know it they are offensive partisans. Their side are all saints and the other all sinners. Now here are two national platforms, one for protection and the other against it. As Congressman Blount says: "There is no straddle this time; the issue is made up, the lines are drawn and the great fight has to be made."

Now, if political principles controlled editors and statesmen, then Joe Brown and Dr. Fenton and Colonel Hanson and a host of southern protectionists ought to fall out of the democratic columns and join the republicans, and the Constitution and the Chronicle, and the Nashville, Chattanooga and Birmingham papers ought to hoist the Harrison banner. That would look like consistency. But the reason they do not is because they do not believe in platforms and do have faith in the honesty of Cleveland's administration, and a liberal distribution of the offices, dignities, rewards, emoluments and the pleasures thereof. General Harrison may be just as honest, but we do not know it, and besides he is standing on a platform that is insulting to the south, for the honor, the good name and the self respect of the south is a bigger thing with them party or platforms, or anything else. We had great respect for Mr. Thurman and he fired off that gun at us, and denounced a man whom our people have delighted to honor. I have said my say about that, and the young editors have had their say about me, and so we are all even all round; and now let us all be calm and serene. For twenty three years we have been drilled into prudential silence, and it has availed us nothing. Our prudence has become servility and we have got so accustomed to being watched and hawked at that it is our normal condition. We dodge every time they make a motion whether they throw or not. John Sherman and his hummers came down here and stole the vote of a whole state, and yet at every election they indicted us for intimidating the negro out of his vote. They know that is a plausible lie, but even if it was a fact, it is none of their business. There are thousands intimidated at the north—intimidated by their employers in the great manufacturing centers, but we make no fuss about it. Our candidates electioneer with the negroes at every state or county election just like they do with the white folks, but nobody says a word to them at a presidential election. They can't even get a drink of a chew of tobacco for their votes and so they have quit voting pretty much. We don't need them. The State is solid anyhow. A few dukes went up to Chicago as delegates from this state, but there are not five colored men in this town who knew who they were or who sent them or what they went for. They didn't care if they didn't know. They will tell you when asked about it that they "haint got no

time to be foolin' away wid dat business." It is better to kick back when they kick us. Give 'em fit for 'em. Ben Hill did, and Bob Toombs. Hill commanded the respect of the northern people by his bold and manly utterances. Even Jim Blaine became his friend, and they were often seen in fellowship together, and Blaine was the first to contribute to Hill's monument.

Politics is a riddle anyhow. We can't understand how northern republicans and southern democrats in congress can be friendly. How they can joke and drink and frolic together, and then lam away in their speeches like they would fight if it wasn't against the rules of the house, or the senate. Maybe it isn't against the rules they wouldn't lam away so hard. Let a man look back and contemplate the bitter feuds between many of our greatest men, as Toombs and Joe Brown, and Hill and Stephens, and Colquitt and Norwood, and Gordon and Bacon. Think of the rings that have been broken, and how rings made out of old enemies. Consider the long continued unwavering devotion of Colquitt to Pat Walsh, and how rudely it was broken with those a few years ago, and see if you can find consistency. Whose Bacon's friends now and whose Colquitt's, and who are Browns, nobody knows. All that the public know is that there is a new deal. Politics is just as much a science as playing chess, and has about as small a field for the emotions that give grace and truth to character. Then what can a man fall back upon but patriotism—that patriotism—that patriotism that begins at the bedside, then broadens to his state, then reaches to his peculiar section, and at the last stretches wide its arms and takes the whole nation in its embrace.

I don't see any good in the south abusing Harrison anyway. The south is solid for Cleveland, and the battle ground is up north, and the more we abuse him here, the more it will strengthen him up there. This chronic abuse, this stereotyped slander that comes along every four years, is a shame. We went to war because Lincoln was elected, and now we say he was the very best friend the south had above the line. We denounced Grant as a brute and a drunkard, and yet the great political leaders of the south praised him alive and mourned him when dead and threw flowers upon his grave. Lamar delivered a eulogy on Sumner, and General Gordon on General Grant's personal friend. They fall out and fall in war, then children at play. They run a drag net through each other's character, and then make friends and put the net up in the left for the next time, and all for office. It was the same way in 1810, when General Harrison ran against Van Buren, Log Cabins and hard cider were the watchwords then, for the general lived in the one and on the other. His grandson has no liking for either they say, and so we don't know yet what will be his signboard.

The whigs built little log cabins all over the country and shouted them about on wagons and shouted for "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too." I remember how the whig boys of our town crowded over us when we were beaten. They could always beat us at crowing. I remember how the Southern Review was their paper in the state, and ours was the Federal Union. The Recorder generally had about a column of runaway negroes advertised with the pictures attached to each—a picture of a bareheaded, barefooted, darky on the run, with one foot up and one foot down, and a stick across his shoulder with a bun hanging from the hind end of it. The "ad" was headed "Ten Dollars Reward" and described the negro and the owner's name was attached. The Federal Union had but a few runaways to advertise, for its readers were democrats, and didn't own very many, and one day I heard a whig boy as he came from the post office with his father's paper, say to a democratic boy: "Just look here at the runaway niggers. You old democrat paper haint got no five or six niggers to run away." There were flags and lights and all sorts of slanders then just like they are now. Sometimes the whigs were on top and sometimes the democrats, but still the great ship of State moved on and defied the storm.

After all it is not a man's politics that establishes his character or his patriotism. It is his heart, his charity, his toleration. Ben Butler and Horace Greely were never so great, so noble as when they stood up and defended Jefferson Davis in his prison life. Grant was never greater than when he refused General Lee's sword and patrolled his army. The New York World recently said some kind and considerate words about Mr. Davis and his 80th birthday. Those words touched the southern hearts and revived our slumbering hopes of a reconciliation. We wish that it would come for we are tired—tired of this perpetual strife. What we need is to become acquainted. Every northern man who comes south and stays with us awhile makes friends and becomes, as it were, one of us. Why there is Governor Bullock who came back under a cloud and is still a republican, and yet he moves in the best society Atlanta and is doing more in our defence by his ad-

mirable letters to the northern press than a thousand democrats could do. We have been very fortunate of late; we have escaped the trickery of Blaine and the malignity of Sherman, and are thankful. Ben Harrison is old Virginia stock, and it is reasonably expected will behave himself honorably during the canvass. He ought to. BILL ARP.

### Bill Nye's Chicago Speech.

As the best songs are never sung and the best thoughts never uttered, so the best speeches are never spoken. If Bill Nye had been at Chicago he would have closed his speech with the following paragraphs: We have a good platform now let us nominate a man whose record is in harmony with that platform. Freedom has ever been our watchword. Now that we have made the human race within our borders absolutely free, let us add to our magnificent history as a party by one crowning act. Let us fight for the emancipation of ruin!

Ruin has always been a mighty power in American politics, but it has not been absolutely free. Let us be the first to recognize it as the great cornerstone of American institutions. Let us make it free. We have never had any Daniel Webster or Henry Clay since ruin went up from 20 cents a gallon to its present price. The war tax on whiskey for over twenty years made freedom a farce, and liberty a loud and empty shout in midair. Who then shall be our standard bearer as we journey onward towards victory? (Cries of "Blaine, Blaine, James G. Blaine," and confusion.)

Gentlemen, I wish that a better and thrilling orator had been selected in my place to name the candidate on whom alone I can unite. Soldiers, rail splitters, statesmen, canal boys, tailors, farmers, merchants and school teachers have been presidents of the United States, but to my knowledge no convention has ever yet named a distiller. I have the honor to day to name a modest man for the high office of President, a man who has never before allowed his name to be presented to a convention, a man who has never sought or courted publicity even in his own business; a man who has been a distiller in a quiet way for over fifteen years and yet has never even advertised in the papers; a man who has so carefully shunned the eyes of the world that only two or three of us know where his place of business is; a man who has such an utter contempt for office that he has shot two government officials who claimed to be connected with the internal revenue business; a man who has aimed to divide the time up about equally between the two; a man who had absolutely nothing to do with the war, not having heard about it in time; a man who defies his calumniators or anybody else of his left; a man who would paint the White House red; a man who takes great pleasure in being his own worst enemy. (Cries of "name him! name him!") Great confusion and cries of pain from several harmonious debaters who are getting the worst of it.

Not to take up your time, let me say in conclusion that the day for great men as candidates for an important office is past. Great men in a great country antagonize different factions and are then compelled to fall back on literature. What we want is an obscure and silent champion. I have found him. He has never antagonized but two men in his life and they are now voting in a better land. He is a plain man and his career at Washington would be marked with more or less tobacco juice. For over fifteen years he has been constructing a country seat a laird style of whiskey known as the Essence of Crime. Quietly and unostentatiously he has fought for emancipation of whiskey everywhere. He says we are too prone to worry about our clothes and their cost and to give too little thought to our tax ridden ruin.

Then Mr. Chairman, and gentlemen, here in the full glare of public approval, feeling that the name I am about to pronounce will in a few moments flash across a willowy continent and greet the moist and moaning news editor, the grimy peasant, the pussy banker, the stricken tennis player; that the name I now flourish in my panting brain will soon be taken up on willing tongues and borne across the blue dome of heaven, pulsating across the ocean, rocking the beautifully upholstered thrones of the Old World, and calling forth a dark blue torrent of profanity from the offices of the illustrated papers none of which will be provided with his portrait. I desire to name Mr. Clem Bently of Arkansas, a man who has spent his best years manufacturing man's greatest enemy. I hurrah for him and holler for him and love him for the (hic) enemy he has made.

BILL NYE.

Fortify the system by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, against the diseases peculiar to hot weather. This medicine induces a healthy action of the stomach, liver and kidneys causing them to prevent the accumulation of the poisons which produce disease.

## A SECRET CONCLAVE.

### VAIN ATTEMPT TO STEAL A MARCH ON THE PRESS.

What Mr. Tillman and his Committee Think of the Situation. Resolved to Put a Movement Man in the Field. The Grand Sachem to Go on the War Path backed by Local Big Chiefs.

[From the News & Courier.]

COLUMBIA, July 10.—Special: The lobby of the Grand Central was lively this evening. The Tillmanites were there. It was the occasion of the meeting of the executive committee of the State Farmers' Association. There were twelve or fifteen prominent "Reformers" present. Among them were Capt. Tillman, H. R. Thomas, D. K. Norris, E. T. Stackhouse, J. W. Beasley. Several persons, not members of the committee, but in sympathy with them were present. One of these was Capt. Sligh, of Newberry, who was invited to attend the secret meeting and look advantage of the invitation.

The committee met at 9:15 and the greatest precautions were taken to prevent their proceedings being overheard. The room in which the meeting was held was a large bedroom at the end of the corridor, on the third floor. It was about the most isolated spot in the hotel. In addition to this Capt. Tillman acted as the door-keeper. He occupied a seat directly in the doorway all the evening, and would look around at every approaching foot-step.

President Norris occupied the chair. It was understood early in the evening that the object of this meeting was to formulate some plan of aggressive campaign. Of course, this report does not pretend to be a verbatim account of the entire proceedings, but the principal points are correctly given.

The first question taken up was whether the Association should make an aggressive fight and put canvassers in the field, who would attend to the Congressional district meetings and make opposition speeches to the Governor and Lieutenant Governors. Capt. Tillman did not advocate this. He said that while they had good sound men on their side, they had not the "grit of the blab," and the politicians would "get away with them." Mr. Tillman further believed that a "combine existed between all the present officers to pool their strength and stand or fall together."

President Norris called upon a number of those present to make reports upon the following questions:

"How is the farmer's movement in your county?"

"Do you think that you can convert the delegates to the State Convention, &c."

These questions were answered by about half a dozen of those present.

Mr. Tillman reported Edgefield as uncertain, but he thought that he could vote the delegation from that county for any one the Association should designate.

About this time Capt. Tillman took occasion to state that he had no selfish motives in this fight; that all he wanted was to whip out this gang, alluding to the present State officers.

Before one question had been settled the Agricultural College was introduced. Mr. Tillman wanted to send to the next Legislature who were heart and soul with them and who would pull the annex to pieces. If such men were not there, the consideration of the Clemson bequest would be postponed until the annex had grown and taken root, and then the farmers would be given a high school in place of a college.

A resolution was offered making it the sense of the committee that a fight be made for the offices of Governor and Lieutenant Governor. It was unanimously adopted. All local farmers' clubs will be requested to elect delegates to the county conventions, when the State Nomination Convention.

Mr. Tillman considered it more important to elect legislators in sympathy with them than to elect a Governor of their choice. The Legislature could carry on their work while the only advantage in electing a Governor would be the prestige of the thing.

President Norris was opposed to going into action and fighting the battle solely on a political ground, and he thought it unwise to have candidates openly in the field. After the impression was made and their delegates elected, then they could decide upon a candidate.

Mr. Tillman said that if they were going to talk about not going into politics, they had better bundle up and go home.

Mr. Norris thought that if Mr. Tillman was going to canvass the State, it would look better if he was not a candidate.

Mr. Tillman then branched off upon the Legislature. The farmers must support no candidate for the Legislature unless he be in favor of giving the Agricultural College the Hatch fund land scrip and phosphate tax. He thought in time that this college would absorb the agricultural department. If the people were not shown that they could get the farmers' college without additional tax they would never get it.

In speaking of the present system of government Mr. Tillman said that he had heard that negro lunatics sent to the Asylum were

worked like slaves and were never turned out when they got well, but were kept there to work.

One of the committeemen protested against this, and hoped Mr. Tillman would be careful in his public utterance.

Mr. Tillman replied that he had not been caught in a lie yet, that Mr. Haskell spoke without sticking to the records, and it was a bad rule that did not work both ways. If he canvassed the State he would confine himself to the increase in expenses of \$20,000 since '76 and to the Farmers' College, and he was not afraid to meet any subjects. He did not propose to give any of the reasons for this additional expense, but would leave the burden of proof to the other side. He was confident of being able to carry several counties on the question of the reduction of salaries.

Mr. Tillman was exhorted to stick to the facts and not make statements he could not prove. It was resolved that Capt. Tillman should attend all the regular meetings in the State canvass and other outside meetings he might desire. Mr. Tillman wished to have another man to help him. He did not like to encounter the silver-tongued orator single-handed. It was decided that he could draw upon the counties in which the meetings were held for assistance.

Mr. Tillman said that he is afraid that if he goes to Charleston he will be crucified. There was an element in the committee which plainly opposed to Capt. Tillman's style of operations. They were much more conservative, and did not like so much blood and thunder.

It is now after midnight and the committee is still in session, but it is doubtful whether they will take any other action of importance to night. It is with some regret that their schemes have been thus exposed, and their chagrin in the morning will be intense.

W. L. G.

### For National Prohibition.

The proposition to submit to the people of the several States a constitutional amendment to prohibit the liquor traffic in the United States was favorably reported by Senator Blair Monday from the committee on education. The proposed amendments read as follows:

Sec. 1. The manufacture, importation, exportation, transportation and sale of alcoholic liquors shall be hereby forever prohibited in the United States in every place subject to their jurisdiction.

Sec. 2. Congress shall enforce this article by all needful legislation.

### Life in Georgia.

[Smithville Ga. News.]

Between the measles, mumps and melen, we've having a lively time down this way.

The world owes every man a living, and is never slack in paying it to a good collector.

If the people want us to "blow" the town, they must help us to raise the wind.

We return thanks to Tom Barton for the gift of a new linen duster. But unless we can get a railroad ticket it won't be of much use to us. The editor will leave to-morrow for parts (heretofore) unknown. He is going to church, and hopes to return with grace enough to keep him until grist come in.

A Georgia poet writes: "I go to strike the lyre." If the fish season is on, he needn't go far; for the liar will come to him.

A Texas pony, a quart of rye whiskey and something that looked like a man, passed through Smithville yesterday. This was the first cyclone that has visited us since.

We were not in last Monday when Colonel Jenkins, of the Forks, called to settle his bill. It is strange as he always calls when we are out, and leaves nothing for us but his "regards."

"Fellow citizens!" exclaimed a Smithville orator, "when the war cry rang over this broad land—" "You was in the barn loft, under six foot o'fodder," shouted a man in the crowd who knew him.

A certain young man, who is a first-class grocery clerk, asked us yesterday how long it would take to be an editor. It is according to what kind of a constitution he has, and just how much malaria he can stand before he weakens.

### Workingmen Against Harrison

INDIANAPOLIS, July 8.—The meeting of the representatives of the Knights of Labor and trades unions here this evening was largely attended, and resulted in preparations to form clubs in all the large cities in the state. Each representative made a report of the feeling among the laboring classes in his district, and it was estimated that at least eighty per cent of the laboring men of the state can be depended upon to vote against Harrison. Another meeting will be held this week, when the work will be completed by the adoption of a plan of action to be presented this evening.

## A DASH FOR LIBERTY.

### A Desperate Deed of Two Columbia Convicts.

COLUMBIA, S. C., July 9.—The boldest escape of convicts ever recorded here took place this afternoon within a mile of the city.

A guard named Reagan had in charge a squad of five convicts, who were blasting rock on an island in Broad River. The rock was for the Columbia Newberry and Laurens railroad bridge. Two of the convicts were Rufus Young, a life-prisoner from Fairfield, and Joe Moore, of Edgfield, serving ten years for arson.

When knocking off time came Moore and Young got in the boat and as the guard stepped in they seized him and threw him in the river. Moore taking his rifle. The guard attempted to draw his pistol but he was disarmed of that.

Two of the other three convicts were life prisoners but they would not join the desperate men. One of them went with Moore and Young to the shore and brought back the boat for the guard and the other convicts.

The escaped men are being pursued. They are armed and desperate. It is probable there will be bloodshed if an attempt at capture is made.

### HURRAH FOR CLEVELAND.

### A Republican Manufacturer Declares for Tariff Reform.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., July 8.—"Hurrah for Cleveland!"

This declaration coming from the lips of Col. H. B. Fellows, President of the Springfield Wagon Manufacturing, the largest manufacturing of the kind West of the Mississippi, was directed towards the surprised ears of a correspondent this morning. Colonel Fellows was one of the five Republicans of Greene county who dared to vote for Lincoln in 1860, and was a few years ago elected Mayor on the Republican ticket.

"Are you going to vote for Cleveland?" asked the reporter.

"Yes sir; as between the two tickets I have no hesitation. As a manufacturer I endorse the Cleveland idea of tariff reform, looking not to my own interests alone, but to those of my own employees and the laboring men in general. If a reduction of the tariff would paralyze the industries of the country, as claimed, why don't the Republicans allow the Democrats to carry out free trade measures and thus kill their party? The fact is the Republicans are afraid a reduction of the tariff would enhance the prosperity of the country and redound to the glory of the Democratic party. I say, Hurrah for Cleveland and Thurman!"

### IMPORTANT DECISION.

### The Ruling of an Iowa Judge in a Liquor Case.

BERLINGTON, Ia., July 14.—A decision of more than ordinary importance, and involving a new point under the prohibitory liquor law of Iowa, has been rendered by Judge Phelps, of the District Court. Two years ago a saloon keeper whose place of business was enjoined as a nuisance, appealed to the Iowa Supreme Court, and after filing supersedeas bonds continued the traffic. The injunction was sustained and the saloon keeper again gave bonds and carried his case to the United States Supreme Court, where it is not likely to be reached for a year or two yet. Recently proceedings were brought to have him arrested and fined for contempt of court in continuing the illegal traffic, notwithstanding the injunction. His defense was that, pending a decision of the Federal court, the injunction did not apply, but the district court now decides that the injunction must stand and the saloon must close. The saloon keeper at once closed up and others will follow suit, as they admit that further resistance to law is useless.

### The Way to Stop It.

Judge Howard Van Leps, of Atlanta, will hereafter impose chain gang penalties upon all persons convicted in the city court of carrying concealed weapons. Friday a negro was convicted, and in passing sentence the judge said: "It is the sentence of the court that you serve four months on the public works. All persons whether high or low, rich or poor, respectable or dissolute, no matter who they may be, who shall be convicted in this court of carrying concealed weapons, will be dealt with in the same way. I hereby announce it my fixed purpose to enforce this law vigorously. Carrying concealed weapons must cease. The minimum penalty in all cases of this character will be four months on the public works. There will be no fines. If the most distinguished man of Fulton county should be convicted of this offense I would not hesitate to impose this penalty. I should give him four months in the chain gang, no matter who he may be.

There is another woman in Mr. Gould's case. Her name is Justice. She does not however, seem likely to give Mr. Gould much trouble.

## Against the Chinamen.

### WASHINGTON, July 11.—Senator Dolph, from the committee on foreign relations, to-day reported favorably the bill to prohibit the coming of Chinese laborers into the United States, reported in the House by Mr. Belmont, chairman of the committee on foreign relations, as a substitute for all bills before the committee relating to Chinese immigration.

The new clock just placed in the tower of the Glasgow University is a tremendous affair. The main wheels of the striking and quarter trains are twenty inches in diameter. The weight of the hammer that strikes the hours is 120 pounds, and it is lifted ten inches. There is an automatic apparatus attached to the clock which stops the quarter peals at night and starts them in the morning. The pendulum is zinc and iron, to counteract the influences of temperature. The bob of the pendulum is cylindrical and weighs 300 pounds, and the beat is 14 seconds.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., July 10.—The embankment of the marble quarry of Schwyher & Leach near here, here fell this afternoon burying eighteen. Two of them, Joseph Egan and an unknown man were killed and three others wounded. About 175 tons of earth and stone fell.

At Aiken, July 10.—A willful murder was committed near Langley station about 3 p.m. Jim Wood shot Robert Ollie four times, killing him almost instantly. Jealousy was the cause.

At Beech Island on Friday night Gus Cummings struck a woman on the head with an axe. She will probably die. All the parties are colored. Both murderers are now in the county jail at Aiken.

CONCORD, N. C., July 7.—The Concord Times, to-day, contains an account of an occurrence which has stirred up the citizens No. 11 township, this county. One day this week a daughter of Mr. Henry Poplin, of that township, suddenly became deathly sick and in a few moments vomited a full grown frog. In the meantime a physician was sent for, but arrived only to see the frog hopping lively about on the ground. The girl stoutly affirms that she vomited the animal, and her statement is borne out by every member of her family.

A very distinguished prelate of the Episcopal Church found himself stranded in little town away down in the backwoods of Maine last summer, and had to put up at a farm house, where he was hospitably entertained. "Do you have many Episcopalians down here?" he inquired of his hostess. "Well, really now, I don't know," she answered: "our hired man shot some sort of a critter down back of the barn the other day, but he allowed it was a woodchuck."

Bad form—Chloform.

A hot grounder—A wild turnip.

Most of the news of the week comes from physicians.

The journeyman candy maker has a pull with his boss.

Paste diamonds are so called because people get stuck on them so often.

Figures on the corset production properly come under the head of statistics.

A man cannot kick himself with the proper spirit. He never knows how to resent it.

A poet wants to know "where the fleecy clouds are woven." In the air boms of course.

"Fine day," said the judge, as the seventy-fifth man went through the mill for \$5 and costs."

The small boy who has not stolen about a bushel of lilac blossoms is away behind the season.

If you want to be well informed take a paper. Even a paper of pins will give you some good points.

If your wife wants an allowance, give her the whole income. She will save more out of it than you.

Boy.—Please, sir, couldn't you help a little boy who never had any papa or mama?

Mr. Lakeside.—Eh!—What?

Boy.—Yes, sir. Divorced before I was born. (Pockets a dollar.)

The reason so little excitement is aroused by the presidential campaign is that the baseball championship is so close.

It is a sweet, revengeful thought that when waiters sit down to eat they have to be waited on by some of the other waiters.

The reason they call it the dependent pension bill is because so many politicians are depending upon it for their re-election.

Bodily health and vigor may be maintained as easily in the heat of summer as in the winter months if the blood is purified and vitalized with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Every person who has used this remedy has been greatly benefited. Take it this month.